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## This morning I returned from a long walk on the Pincio, full of hope that the dark and rainy weather we have had for the month past—the thunder and lightning, and hail and snow—were at last giving place to sunlight and warmth, and bird-songs and flowers. The air en that delightful promenade was clear and still—the sky soft and blue, without one threatening cloud, and the sunlight such as seems to melt through your very flesh, till you fancy it flows with a golden and winey richness through your veins. Whether it played in the gardens of the slopes, glistening over the laurel leaves, adding a richer tinge to the ripened orange, nestling passionately in the hearts of roses, or kissing pityingly the rain-tears from the faces of the chilled violets—or, flashing on the dome of St. Peter's, and against the snow-crowns of the Sabine hills—it was the same peculiar, delicious, Italian sunshine, tender and loving in its WASHINGTON, D. C.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.] GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

Rome, February 22, 1853. My DEAR F. J .: Never, in my own coun try, do I remember to have felt such emotion

the Sabine hills—it was the same peculiar, deli-cious, Italian sunshine, tender and loving in its utmost splendor—not darted down in trenchant rays, but falling softly and slowly—a dew of light. as I feel to-day, in a strange, foreign land, on the anniversary of the birth of our beloved and renerated Washington. In this lovely but degenerated Washington. In this lovely but de-generate clime, the glory of whose past is but a gorgeous pall, enveloping but not hiding the death and decay of its present, surrounded by a people powerless, hopeless, indolent, and oppressed, but with the despairing soul of gree-possibilities looking from their eyes, like some forgotten prisoner gazing mournfully through strong dungeon-bars—here, breathing the close and heavy air of civil and religious deepotism, do I feel what he was, and all he did for us, for freedom, and for God; and my heart glows with fervid gratitude to Heaven for the im-measurable riches of that great gift, not to us with lervid gratitude to Heaven for the im-measurable riches of that great gift, not to us alone, but to the world, to the ages, of a pure, heroic life, embodying, defending, and enthron-ing among men, the eternal principles of jus-

When I find the character and career of Washington studied here, by the few yet faith-ful to the forlorn hope of Italian freedom shen I see his name bring the unaccustomed ight to eyes heavy with watching and mournful with disappointment—when I hear that name spoken with deep reverence by lips that have sworn devotion, to the death, to la libertà del popolo, then I realize, as never before, the del popolo, then I realize, as never before, the universality of his greatness and the quickening immortality of his memory. I believe that, though God has sent and yet may send leaders as pure and true as our Washington—gifted with more of the electric element of genius—shining with more splendid qualities of heroism, that he has been and will be the secret soul of every popular uprising against oppression— every noble political revolution; for his grand endeavor was sanctioned and sanctified by a complete and pre-eminent success; he attained complete and pre-eminent success, he attained to the very height and crown of his heroic undertaking, and there he stands, for all time, boldly relieved against heaven, the terror of tyranny, the strength and inspiration and example of the oppressed—the bold rebuker of kingly wrong, the stern vindicator of the people's right—the rebel triumphant—the solution.

dier olive-crowned, the patriot with clean and empty hands. Such is the far-reaching depth, the eternal vitality of one great, heroic life, sending its roots abroad into all lands, and lacing together continents and nations in bonds of unseen but indestructible sympathy—such gloriously accomplished, which, amid treacherous straits of defeat and despair, off perilous shores of rock-seated power, anchors safe against leagued tempests, the great hope of the world.

easy, dashing, insoliciant manner imaginable. He begs for a blind father; but whenever he sees any of us whom he knows, he will leave the old man to grope forlornly, and run at our side, hat in hand, talking smilingly and coaxingly in this wise: "Good morning, kind ladies! You have several bajocchi for me to-day! No? Then perhaps you have a paolo—that's all the better. Remember my poor father; he is blind; he cannot see the sky, the flowers, and the beautiful ladies. Oh, yea, yes, you will give me something tor him?" And we are sure to give, if we have a bajoccho in our purses; if not, he still smiles cheerily, saying, "Un altro giorno," (another day;) and on the next occasion of our meeting, he never fails to remind us of our promise, though always in the most gallant and agreeable terms possible.

I am a good deal interested and amused by the professional models, who "most do congregate" on the great flight of steps leading up to the Trinita di Monti from the Piazza di Spagna. There are often to be seen picturesque and varied groupe, and single figures of striking character. Handsome peasant women, with charming brown babios—wild, long-haired boys from the mountains—raven-bearded young mon and snowy-headed old men—and coquet and its version is that of the Government, or at least sanctioned by the authorities, and so can hardly be impartial. But from an Italian friend I hear that the plan of revolt was most ably lhear that the plan of revolt was most ably and sytematically formed, and might have been successful, but for treachery. Still I can but regard it as a premature, an ill-advised, an utterly mad movement. The hour is not yet come—the cup of this people's degradation is brimmed with bitterness—I would have it overflow. They sigh, and look weary and detected when they are the composition. jected under the weight of oppression—I would have them cry out till the heavens heard would have their agony turned to rage, and their shame to a righteous vengeance. Then, and then only, will they work out for themselves, resolutely and effectively, their political and religious redemption.

I see everywhere among the Italians, faces

I see everywhere among the Italians, faces restless, dissatisfied, and mortally sad; but few expressive of the unflinching firmness, joined to fiery valor—the strength and grandeur of purpose, and pure, honest devotion, imperatively necessary for such a mighty work. The iron pricks sharply, but has not yet entered their soils. In modern Italians, the primitive Roman character, manly and rugged and stern, but like an old kingly oak in decay, decorated and enthralled by parasite graces of poetry ted and enthralled by parasite graces of poetry and romance, and a moss-like indolence and and romance, and a moss-like indolence and softness. The broad arms which once wrestled with tempests are fallen, and storms go by unchallenged, while in the melancholy vines which cumber the sapless trunk, sweet-singing birds are nurtured. Yet the roots run deep and wide, and there are hopeful souls who believe that there is life in them still, which will yet spring up in strength and vigor greater and more beneficent than those of old. God grant it may be so!

The more I see of Italy, the more am I convinced that there is no hope for the liberty of the people here, or in any Catholic country, save through the total downfall of the Papal supremacy—that ancient bulwark of tyranny, that hoary consecrator of injustice and high-handed political crime. It is true, the Church has not the visible power and glory she once had; but I am convinced that she has lost little of her real strength and weight in the affairs of the world. She may not number as many sworn knights and devout soldiers as in the old time, but she has her hosts of unsuspected and unscrupulous agents, her armies of Jesuitical priests—she is omnipotent in her diplomacy, and omnipresent in her spies. In old times, she made arrests and executions in the open day; she now arrests in the night, and the dark sequel may never be known. Some of the terday; she now arrests in the night, and the dark squel may never be known. Some of the terrible prisons of the Inquisition may be emptied and thrown open, but only, it would seem, to let forth upon society their poisoned atmosphere, sending suspicion and insecurity and cruelty abroad. The satanic spirit of the Inquisition, which once sat in haughty supremacy, dispensing flames and tortures, has been driven from his throne by the spirit of the age—but from his throne by the spirit of the age—but not destroyed. He may have taken to dark and mysterious ways—may act secretly and insidiously, may deal more with the soul, and less with the body—but his ancient power is but little broken, his purpose all unchanged; he sets himself, as of old, against all true freedom of conscience, against all true enlightenment and progress of the masses. Therefore do I believe that the only great and successful European revolution must also be a reformation more complete and comprehensive than that of Luther—that with the glorious watchword and battle cry of Maxini, "Deo ed al Popolo!" must be thundered down the despoisms of Church and State together.

One thing seems to me certain—the present state of things cannot long endure. The hatred of this people toward their French and Austrian masters, and their impatience under priestly rule, grow hotter and more intolerable daily, and the long-suppressed indignation of this

priestly rule, grow hotter and more intolerable daily, and the long-suppressed indignation of their proud and passionate spirits must at last get the better of their despairing indolence. The soil of Italy is even now shaken with volcanic tremblings, and, disregard these warnings as they may, the great convulsion, the rain of fire, shall come. Silence the voice of Freedom as they may, her indestructible spirit will throb in the air, and her glorious impulses harn in the secret heart. And so shall it be till the hour of her fall each trime hart secret heart. Freedom as they may, her indestructible spirit and patient struggles against adverse fortune, and her glorious impulses and his unsatisfied aspirations after excellence in his art. When I saw him last, he spoke of ltaly as a beautiful hope just faintly dawning for him; and now, death, to outward seeming at least, has quenched that hope, the joy of art

February 23.

Scarcely an hour has gone by, and Nature

These are hard times for the beggars, as they,

These are hard times for the beggars, as they, like Italians of better estate, are extremely susceptible to wet and cold. During a rain, you will scarcely meet one in a long walk; but in the sunny interludes they come out upon you, from unsuspected places, thick and fast, hungry and clamorous, the lame and the lazy, boundless in impudence and inexhaustible in impositions. Some two weeks ago, as I was coming down from the *Trinita di Monti*, I found a prover man lying by the way, apparently dying

poor man lying by the way, apparently dying of hunger and disease. Having no money with me, I ran into a studio near by, and begged a few bajocchi of an artist-frie. I, while a woman

who had come up to the man while I stood by

him, applied at a neighboring house for a piece of bread. She brought a whole loaf, which he

grasped and began to eat ravenously, pocket-ing the bajocchi I gave him, without a word.

He seemed suffering from low lever, and was so frightfully pale, weak, and emaniated, that I did not believe he could live twenty-four hours. But yesterday, in nearly the same spot, I found him again, in quite as critical a state, apparently. Again I gave him money, which he took with a feeble groan, not even lifting his face from the pavement. His hearing was dulled, or his voice too weak to answer my

questions; and, seeing some Italians approaching, I hurried away, fearing he might give up the ghost at my feet, and not choosing to witness the melancholy scene. About two hours after, I came across the same man, carrying on

his dying agonies in the Via della Croce, on the other side of the Piazza di Spagna. He was lying prostrate, and with his face hid, as usual; but as I approached him, I observed for an in-

but as I approached him, I observed for an instant a keen eye peering up through straggling black locks—then, as though he had mustered his expiring energies for one last appeal to my humanity and womanhood, he sent forth a fearful groan. But I was up to him this time.

There is one little beggar-boy I frequently meet, who is an actual delight to me for his witty persuasion and graceful impudence. He is a child of about nine—not handsome, but remarkably clever looking, with lively saver

remarkably clever-looking, with lively, saucy,

laughing eyes, a musical voice, and the most easy, dashing, insouciant manner imaginable.

These various candidates for artistic favo

seem to have the most social and agreeable relations with each other—indeed, I have re-marked the patriarch chatting and laughing

with the brigand, in a familiar manner scarce-ly in keeping with his own venerable charac-ter. But, let an artist or two ascend the steps

ter. But, let an artist or two ascend the steps and, presto, the dark-eyed young girls cease their idle gossip and spring into position—look archly or mournfully over the right shoulder, or with clasped hands modestly contemplate the pavement—the pretty peasant woman snatches up the baby she had left to creep about at its own sweet will, and bends over it tender and Madonna-like, while, at a word from her, a skin-clad little shepherd boy drops his game of pitch-penny, and takes up his rôle of St. John. Perhaps a dark, dignified, but somewhat rheumatic old woman, with her head wrapped up in a brown cloth, makes a modest venture of herself as St. Anna, while the fine

venture of herself as St. Anna, while the fine old man I have described makes the most of

old man I have described makes the most of the comparatively unimportant character of St. Joseph, or, separating himself entirely from the group, looks authoritative as Moses, or inspired as Isaiah, or resolute as Peter. The handsome bravo or brigand gives a fiercer twist to his moustache, slouches his pointed black hat, appears to be concealing a dagger under his brown cloak, or on the point of drawing an imaginary pistol from his belt—sets his teeth, seewls, and cultivates the diabolical generally in attitude and expression. It is altogether a

in attitude and expression. It is altogether a very amusing and skillful piece of canvassing. Though nine years have rolled by, and brought revolutions and a few other little changes in Rome, since Dickens spent a winter have yet these exercises.

here, yet these steps are to-day precisely what he pictures them. Indeed, I believe that our friends, the patriarch and the brigand, are the

identical personages whose portraits stand out so livingly in his grotesque but exquisite de-

Mr. Cass, Chargé d'Affaires from the United States to Rome, gave a large musical soirée on the 17th, which was one of the pleasantest evening parties I have attended since I came abroad; yet the entertainments given by Mr. Cass are invariably pleasant, as Mr. Cass, himself a most accomplished host, is ever especially attentive and kindly to Americans. It surely will be a matter of recreat an energy executive.

ly attentive and kindly to Americans. It surely will be a matter of regret, on many accounts, if he is withdrawn from or resigns his present official position—a position for which he seems admirably fitted, by, intelligence, cultivation, taste, and experience.

By the last mail, I have heard, with much pain, of the death of the sculptor, Brackett. A loss to our country and to art is this untimely taking away of a life whose powers, fettered by discouraging cares and unpropitious circumstances, accomplished some noble things, and promised yet nobler. But a bitterer and heavier loss must it be to those nearest him, and to all those who knew the generous warmth of his frank and faithful heart—who knew his long and patient struggles against adverse fortune,

has returned to her frowning and stormy mood—the whole heavens are overcast, and the

rain is falling in torrents.

nfinite as his wisdom and his power. I know not how it is with others, but my own faith in Heaven is beyond measure strengthened and vivified by separation from kindred and country. At home, there was ever a sense of protection and sustainment against the ills of fate and fortune, in the consciousness of the many loving and devoted hearts beating about me; but here, I have none but God. As, when at sea, I was nightly rocked to sleep by the heav-ing of the great waves which might at any hour engulf me—so now, the very awful sense of the great deeps of Divine Providence beneath and around me, brings with it peace and re-

On the evening of February 27th, we attended an entertainment at the Braschi Palace, of tableaux vivants, after the old masters. Here, some of the noblest and most beautiful figures of Raphael and Guido were very creditably represented by Roman models. The old patri-arch of the Scali Nate played many parts with immense applause. There was also a fine fe-male model, named Carucci, who showed very grandly in some characters; and there were several handsome children, who did their diffi-cult and wearisome devoirs in a most admirable manner. Some of the effects produced were striking and beautiful in the extreme but the selection of pictures did not seem to me very happy. There were too many Holy Families—it is not in human, at least Protestant, nature, to enjoy such a monotonous succession of Madonnas. The long intervals between the pictures, only relieved by some dismal harpplaying, were tiresome enough, and the hall uncomfortably cold; so the entire affair was rather slow, and I was heartily glad when it was over. Against one of the walls of the Braschi Palace stands the antique torso, to which the witty satires of the tailor Pasquin and his friends were affixed in the time of the Borgias. This, though supposed to be a figure but the selection of pictures did not seem to me Borgias. This, though supposed to be a figure of Menelaus, is called the statue of Pasquin; and the bold breeches-maker's fame is also perpetuated and spread over the world, in the term Pasquinade.

Yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

## For the National Era. THE MADIAI AND THE SLAVES.

In one of the Southern States, a few weeks ago, a small party sat down to supper, when one of the ladies related to the company the case of the Madiai, which now seems to be attracting the attention of Christendom.

About half the number of persons present were Anti-Slavery, the other half Pro-Slavery.

All seemed to receive the account with deep feeling, and a part with high indignation, as

Pro-Slavery. "Do you say those people were charged with no offence but reading the Bible, and, in consequence of that, leaving the Romish

Anti-Slavery. 1 do. Pro. Those people ought to be burnt.

Anti. Ought to be burnt?

Pro. Yes, those who imprison people for eading the Bible ought to be burnt.

Anti. But remember it is not the people, but the law, that imprisons them. if I was there I would burn it.

Anti. But recollect we have the same law Pro. What do you say?

Anti. I say we have the same law here—a law that forbids a part of our population to read the Bible!" read the Bible!"

Not another word was spoken during supper.

After retiring from the table, another Pro-Slavery member of the company broke the very embarrassing silence, by saying, "Well, that is a most abominable law; and the truth is, if I owned slaves, I would teach them to read the Bible in defiance of law."

It may not be amiss to remark, that many of the most zealous advocates of slavery may be found among those who do not own slaves—who never owned one—and who have not the most remote hope of ever owning one. This may be seen wherever slavery is seen.

charming brown babios—wild, long-haired boys from the mountains—raven-bearded young men and snowy-headed old men—and coquetish young girls, with flashing eyes and dashing costumes. There is one grand-looking old man, with a bounteous white beard, who is said to do a great business in the saintly and patriarchal line. He is a multitudinous Moses, an inexhaustible St. Joseph, and the pictorial stock Peter, of many seasons. There is also a powerful, handsome, dark and terrible-looking fellow, who does the brigand and bravo.

These various candidates for artistic favor

who never owned one—and who have not the most remote hope of ever owning one. This may be seen wherever slavery is seen.

It is a peculiar feature, which I think is not represented in H. B. Stowe's admirable, incomparable, and almost faultless daguerreotype.

It has been thought by many an inexplicable mystery, that men and women, not interested to the value of a farthing in slave property, should be among the blindest, maddest devotees of the spirit of slavery. It is not merely that they would flatter slave power—it is a stronger motive, more deeply hidden in the secret windings of the unregenerate human heart, and is probably this: that being restrained from owning slaves only by the want of pecuniary means, they look upon slave-holders as a privileged class, entirely distinct from and far above themselves, and are only able to endure their own humiliating position by their comparative elevation above the poor Pariahs, so far below them.

The curse of caste doubtless exists wherever sin exists, but nowhere with greater virulence

The curse of caste doubtless exists wherever sin exists, but nowhere with greater virulence than here, with those who love to degrade the degraded, and oppress the oppressed; to whom a free negro is an object of aversion; a cultivated slave an object of hate; and a generous master, or conscientious mistress, an object of vituperative calumny. It were to be wished that H. B. S. may yet hold up a mirror before this class, and show them this class, and show them
"That hideous thing, a naked human heart."

It was an error to speak of "Life among the Lowly" as a daguerreotype. It is a full-length portrait, not quite as large as life; like most

one, suddenly and utterly. value of this book in Catholic Europe, where the consuming fever of the Bible is to the masses "a fountain scaled." that the law should be consuming for the consuming fever of the Bible is to the masses "a fountain scaled."

care, and bathed with soothing balm a heart weary and sore with waiting, and toil, and sorrow. Oh, the inexpressible consolation we find in simply falling back on the early-learned and only true and sustaining faith, that though many events may seem untimely and untoward, that all things happen in God's time, and that "He doeth all things well."

This mother-taught trust of my childhood is my only defence against the wild anxieties which sometimes beset me for my own beloved ones, parted from me by such fearful stretches of land and saa. I believe—yes, I know—that we are all within the broad and fatherly ken of Him who careth for us with a tenderness as infinite as his wisdom and his power. I know not how it is with others, but my own faith in

do them homage.

Let no incense be burned to the gifted and dearly-loved authoress. May the dear Lord Jesus keep her heart low at his footstool, for it is His truth and His love that gives her little book all its power. Her intended visit to Europe is cause of recret to some of her friends. rope is cause of regret to some of her friends.
She had better come to the South. Persecution is less to be dreaded than adulation.

A NORTH CAROLINA WOMAN.

For the National Era.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Close her eyelids—press them gently O'er the dim and loaden eyes, For the soul that made them lovely Hath returned unto the skies;

Wipe the death-drope from her forehead Sever one dear golden tress, Fold her loy hands all meekly,

Scatter flowers o'er her pillow-Gentle flowers, so pure and white-Lay this bud upon her bosom; There-now softly say, Good night

Though our toars flow fast and faster, Yet we would not call her back, We are glad her feet no lenger

Tread life's rough and thorny track We are glad our Heavenly Father Took her while her heart was pure, We are glad he did not leave her

All life's trials to endure ; We are glad -and yet the tear-drop Falleth: for, alas! we know That our fireside will be lonely, We shall mise our darling so

While the twilight shadows gather, We shall wait in vain to feel Little arms, all white and dimpled

Round our necks so softly steal; Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure Of sweet lips so warm and red, And our bosoms sadly, sadly Miss that darling little head,

And those gentle eyes, so bright, We shall miss their loving glances, We shall miss their soft Good night.

When the morrow's sun is shining, They will take this cherished form, They will bear it to the churchyard, And consign it to the worm; Well-what matter? It is only

The clay dress our darling wore God hath robed her as an angel,

Scatter flowers all pure and white, Kiss that marble brow, and whisper, Once again, a last Go & night.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POLITICIANS. BY WILLIAM JAY.

For the National Ers.

ANCESTA ADM NORMER POLITICIANS.

1 In the only two history ever written, we find a narrative, which, although twenty-five century rise old, bears in several particulars a strong resemblance to certain events in our own day The King of Balylow was the source of allied.

3 Anterior of Balylow was the source of allied to the proof in the proper and control of the proof of

ble, under any circumstances, of repeal or mod-ification.

The weak, vain-glorious monarch fell into

Levy "is a algoreroty. It is a full-length portrait, not quite as large as life.) He must be a full-length portrait, and quite as large as life.) He must be a full-length portrait, and quite as large as life.) He must be a full-length portrait, and quite as large as life.) He must be a full-length portrait, and quite as large as life. He must be a full-length portrait, which is last of its "live war," Sharper when it his light of the "arter war". Sharper when it his light of the same, and algored the writing, "that is an univalled portrait, which it has been a dealible, the might out in the light of the same of livering, the same to carrie placed, it may be said, this, there all, was a silly search the could be anything more than an uncould liver of corns and the life of the

vouchsafed to Daniel, the attestation, borne by an angel from Heaven, of the approbation of his Maker for his obedience to the higher law, and his referral to the higher law, and his referral to the higher law, and his referral to the higher law, and argue that such a thing is right, and such Maker for his obedience to the higher law, and his refusal to obey a constitutional but wicked enactment; and we also know the execration which, for a long series of centuries, has attached to the memories of the Babylon politicians, who, for selfish purposes, procured the passage of a hideous law, and then sought the life of a righteous man for refusing to obey it.

The conduct of Daniel, expressly sanctioned as it was by God himself, is an example for us, and teaches us our duty in regard to such legal

as it was by God himself, is an example for us, and teaches us our duty in regard to such legal requirements as we believe to be sinful.

The politicians of Babylon sought office by offering incense to the vanity of the King. The slave power is with us the source of office. When this power was recently about to select a President to dispense its patronage, our rival politicians, greedy for office, with oriental obsequiousness, courted its favor by crying before it, not, indeed, "Oh, King, live forever!" but, "the Fugitive Law—it shall be enforced, it shall not be repealed—it is a FINALITY." Vet this not be repealed—it is a FINALITY." Yet this law, which is to be like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, is one so cruel, unjust, and intensely odious, so oppressive to man, so insulting to God, that it was passed by a minority of the House of Representatives, and under the gag—its advocates not daring

man, so insulting to God, that it was passed by a minority of the House of Representatives, and under the gag—its advocates not daring to permit a discussion of its atrocities.

The politicians of Babylon sought to put Daniel to death, ostensibly out of compliment to the King and the Constitution. How nearly akin to this policy were the recent efforts to condemn to the gallows thirty-nine of our own citizens, on the audacious pretext that they had levied war against the United States!! Had Casper Hanway, who was tried for his life for declining to assist in arresting fugitive slaves, been put to death, would his executioners have been less guilty, in the sight of Heaven, than those who cast Daniel into the den of lions? Hanway acted on precisely the same principle Hanway acted on precisely the same principle with Daniel—that of obeying God rather than

man; and there can be no question that his conduct was approved by his Maker. If it be asked by any, What is the duty of Anti-Slavery Christians in reference to the Fu-gitive Law! the conduct of Daniel affords, in gitive Law? the conduct of Daniel anorus, in my opinion, a full and satisfactory answer—open, fearless, but passive resistance. No man can innocently perform acts, in obedience to a human law, which he deliberately, conscientiously believes is forbidden by God. But such the conduction of the conduct belief does not authorize him forcibly to interfere to prevent others from obeying the law or

enfercing its penalties.

The Apostles laid down their lives, rather than obey laws of far less questionable consti-tutional authority than the Fugitive Act; but they never attempted to resist the execution of those laws by force of arms. I refer not here to the fugitive himself. He has all the rights of a soldier escaping from the enemy. Let it not, however, be thought we have done all that is required of us, when we have refused or avoided a compliance with the unrighteous de-mands of this execrable statute. Remember that Daniel's defiance of the King's decree was intentionally public. We owe it to the religion we profess, and to the Master we serve, to let our hatred and defiance of this law be unre-

lovers of God and man, let us labor, without cessation and without weariness, to defeat the attempt of our politicians to render this law as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians. Let us pray against it, and speak against it, and write against it, and print against it, and write against what a good many of his people thinks there's no harm in, he'll soon find himself in hot ware. Let him be quiet about these things, and preach against what a good many of his people thinks there's no harm in, he'll soon find himself neither. Perhaps the people are almost all obolitionists; then self war prowed against what a good many of his people thinks there's no harm in, he'll soon find himself neither. Perhaps the people are almost all oboditions of the war it against what a good many of his people thinks there's no harm in, he'll soon find himself neither. Perhaps the people are almost all oboditions of the wart against what a good many of his people thinks there's no harm in, h

ence between them and other folks is, they and argue that such a thing is right, and such and argue that such a thing is right, and such a thing is wrong, and therefore they'll do so and so. Why, my stars! half the time they'd be on the unpopular side of the question, if they did this: and then, what would become of them? Why, the people wouldn't support 'em a bit longer, and they might as well give up, first, as last, all hopes of gitting any more offices. And what's a politician without office? Why, he can't live without it. The fact is, if a man's a-going into public life, he must look would be, when it was got; whether it a man's a-going into public life, he must look would be would be, starting any mylice. a man's a-going into public life, he must look around, and see what other folks think about

"If he's a going to be a doctor, he must give way a little to other people's notions. If his patient thinks he's sick, and isn't, he mustn't patient thinks he's sick, and isn't, he mustn't tell him he's well. He must put on a long face, and say he's very sick; and he must give him a little something, and say that'll cure him. And then, when he gets well—no matter if it is a long while—so much the better for the doctor; when he gets well, every-body'll say, what a smart doctor! So he must humor the whims of everybody, the old ladies in particular; because if he sets himself up in particular; because if he sets himself up against them, they'll think he's a-trying to

to my ideas.
"So, if he's a minister, he must be very careful what he says, and how he acts. It

won't do for him to run down everything that aint jest right according to his notions. He must first consider carefully what people will bear, if he wants to have influence among them. If he gits into a place where temperance is popular, let him be a strong temperance man, and he'll be popular too. Let him preach long sermons about temperance, and denounce the rum-sellers, and call them all

sorts of hard names, and everybody'll shake their heads, and say he isn't afraid to speak the truth when it ought to be spoke. But if he gits where people like the creetur a leetle, and he finds two or three rich rum-sellers in his church, he must be very particular to show these gen-tlemen that he thinks them jest as good as anybody. When he is asked what he thinks of drinking and selling liquors, he must talk, in a roundabout way, about the sin of intemperance, and of being temperate in eating and drinking, but be very sure to say nothing that anybody'll take to themselves. Whenever he meets a drunken loafer in the street, he may show as much disgust as he likes, and in this way he'll prove how he hates the sin of drunkenness. But he mustn't preach any temper-ance sermons; he can preach about some other sin jest as bad, and nobody'll trouble him—

Here we shall leave the two. If the public shall seem to be interested in them, we may continue, from time to time, our narrative of the conversation of this remarkable old man with his son. Indeed, we think that, in this day of hot-headed young men, advice so replete with practical wisdom as that of Mr. Worthington should be made public, in order that the youth upon whem is soon to devolve the destiny of this mighty Republic may profit by it, and our country be saved from the frightful abyss into which the wild purposes of men professing to act from some vague thing which they style principle, are threatening to plunge her.

ICHABOD.

"Father's in here. He is come, father! We fand him at the village."

A genial wood fire blazed and crackled in the wide, old-fashioned chimney of this room; and near it, in an easy-chair beside a candle-stand, sat an old gentleman, engaged in reading a newspaper. No whit disturbed by the boisterous onslaught of the boys, he calmiy laid aside his paper and stood up—an undersized, attenuated old man, with a thin, flusted face, and a head of hair as white and soft as cotton-wool. He stood, alightly trembling with partial paralysis, but received Mr. Sutherland with the fine courtesy of an old-school gentleman.

being able to offer more than an equivalent for the salary. He saw, too, that the office of a teacher, by leaving him many hours of the day

would be the place of assistant in a public academy, or that of tutor in a private family; also, whether his temporary home should be in the cold North or the sunny South, the populous East or the sparsely-cettled West, or in the indefinite country between them; lastly, with what sort of people he should find him-

But, upon the whole, he scarcely hoped to get a response to his application, as the paper containing the advertisement was several days old when he first saw it. Therefore, when days assed into weeks, and weeks became a month, gave up all hope of obtaining an answer

me gave up an hope of obtaining an answer without much disappointment.

At length—as generally happens after expectation sickens and dies, and is buried—the unlooked-for letter arrived. It contained a proposition from Colonel Ashley, of Virginia, to engage Mr. Sutherland as private tutor, to prepare his two yourger sees for the unit. prepare his two younger sons for the univer sity, offering in remuneration a very liberal salary, and requesting in the event of Mr. Sutherland's acceptance, that he would reply promptly, and follow his own letter in person

Mark sat down and wrote at once, closing the contract, and promising to be at Ashley by the first of March. It was now near the last of February. He

sold his horse, paid his bill at the hotel, and having money enough remaining to take him to Virginia, left the same afternoon by the steamboat up the river, and met the stage at Wheeling. After two or three days' travelling upon the turnpike road through the most sublime and beautiful mountain and valley

sublime and beautiful mountain and valley scenery in the world, he arrived, late one evening, at the little hamlet of Ashley, situated in a wild and picturesque gap of the Blue Ridge. Here, at the little inn, he ordered supper, and purposed to spend the night. But he had scarcely entered the little bed-room allotted to him, with the intention of refreshing himself with ablutions and a change of dress before with ablutions and a change of dress, before

with ablutions and a change of dress, before the head of the host was put through the door, and the information given that Col. Ashley's carriage had come to meet Mr. Sutherland, and was waiting below. He finished his toilet, however, before leaving his room.

He found the little parlor occupied by two boys, of about thirteen and fifteen years of age, disputing the possession of a pistol, which, in the wrestle that ensued, went off—harmlessly. And before Mark could reprove them for their imprudence, they came to meet him. The elder lad, cap in hand, inquired, respectfully—

"Are you Mr. Sutherland, sir?"

"Yes, my son; have you business with me?"

"Yes, my son; have you business with me?"
"Father has sent the carriage for you, sir—that is all. My name is Henry—he's Richard.
St. Gerald, you know, is in Washington. He served and unquestioned.

Nor is this all—as Christians, as patriots, as lovers of God and man, let us labor, without cessation and without weariness, to defeat the lessation and without weariness.

side, to his brother.

"I am happy to meet with you, Henry—how do you do, Richard?" said Mr. Sutherland, giving a hand to each of the boys.

"And so," he added, smiling to himself and at them, "this new star of the Capitol—this eloquent and admired St. Gerald Ashley—is a relative of yours?" relative of yours?"

"Our brother," said Henry.
"Our half brother," amended Richard, favoring his senior with another malicious dig in

Hereupon another little souffle ensued, which Mr. Sutherland ended, by saying—
"Come—shall we go on to Ashley Hall, or will you take supper first, here, with me?"
"Take supper first here, with you," assented the boys, who could have been tempted by nothing but the novelty to forego their father's sumptuous supper-table for this poor tayern meal

how did you guess that I should arrive this evening?"

"Oh, we did not guess. Father thought it was about time you should come, and he sent the carriage, and intended to send it every stage-day until you did come, or write, or something. Father would have come himself, only he staid home to read St. Gerald's great

made of, and you can do what you're a-mind to with 'em. It's my opinion you'd better study it, my son, and, when you git ready for it, enter politics; and then, if you follow my advice, you can be one of the biggest men in the country. You're got talents enough; all you want is a little more human natur, and that I can give you."

The old man, during this discourse, had been so absorbed with his own thoughts and the plans he had in view for his darling Peter, he had not noticed that the boy's eyelids had gradually drooped, until he had become seem ingly unconscious of everything that was transpiring in his presence. Such, however, was the case. Peter had wearied in his attention, and now, locked in the arms of sleep, was as insensible as a block, even to the flood of wisdom threw open the door upon the right, exclaim-